

# CROSS WIRES

**Wonderfuls Tape Launch: Star Slushy, Ex-Catholics, The Pits, Wonderfuls, Goon Sax**

**Unemployed walk, election blues, busy bees**

# Whatevs

## Cross Wirers Still Limping Along 24/8/2019

The cutting edge quasi-disabled news paper is still finding the faith to exist, just a tiny bit. I don't have to put so much effortful thinking into this as I decided to take some leftover stimulants again. What is the reason for this, you might ask? You had plenty to say before. Now you've put the work horse blinders on for a bit so you can feel that intoxicated sense of purpose and confidence.

You're ploughing a field with zigzags and mess all over it, still. Stopping for a bit to stare into space.

Still trying to put the world together in your mind but, not getting too despondent about being one small workhorse.

Anyhow, here's something I wrote when I wasn't wired, some months ago. I didn't put it out because it needed some pictures or something fun, I dunno. It doesn't really matter.

It had been 6 months no methylphenidate, by the way. Minimal alcohol and no DXM too.

### Walking a lot

Walking down the residential up marker street with the view of the city, where I want to sit and study the view but there's nowhere to comfortable sit and look. The reason I want to look at the view is because I have been walking and looking at things to think about what people do everyday, very slowly. I walk like a grandma and think about how slow and small the world really is to people every day. It's easy to miss this if you're on expansive mood inducing substances, you're young and impatient, or you're anxious.

Not having a space to stop and comfortably contemplate the everyday processes of getting through life for people who build and maintain the economy and society is a larger problem in life and in my development. Sure, I've had places where not much happens and I can rest, but never any space to comfortably function without mind wandering and distraction.

Lately it is harder to distract myself from the mundane slowness of life. To keep myself from going insane from the emptiness of my days, I have to keep things a little bit interesting somehow.

How I keep it interesting is to look at things in the world and think about how people are involved in those things from day to day.

This is still very boring and occasionally, I can sense myself getting stressed out. I looked at some cranes in the view from St Brigid's Parish at Red Hill and I thought of how somebody had to transport that massive hunk of metal to that location. I then thought about how somebody had to mine the metal, and had to make that thing, and how many little people are on that building site in the distance. The thought of that is almost exhausting.

I had to remind myself that I don't have to do anything. And then that I don't have to be ashamed for standing and looking at this accomplishment, or mundane thing, or whatever you'd call it, and not having contributed to anything. And then that in the future, if I do contribute, it would be such a tiny speck of contribution to the horizon, but that wouldn't matter. I am just a tiny speck contemplating a mundane reality.

I am sort of thinking about things in depth but I am sort of not thinking in any depth at all. I don't know anything about things that people do. I just know that I am watching people do things, and the results of people having done things, and I am thinking of them as a system. An economic system, a social system? I don't know much about those things. I am just looking at things as they are happening, and thinking about what I have seen happen as I look at things that people have made, or that I can imagine happening right now.

There was a pink light on one of the cranes in the distance. It reminded me of Sunnybank. Sunnybank has a lot of cool lights and a busy Asian atmosphere. I think it is cool, but I don't have much to do with it, and again, it is almost exhausting to think about all the work that goes on there and has gone on. I have to remind

myself that it is okay to think the lights are cool and kind of exciting, even though I personally have nothing to do with it and it's all mundane. Maybe some day I can enjoy the lights and the food there on an adventure.

I sit on some stairs adjoining the footpath and stare at some pink bell-shaped little flowers on a big weed-like vine and watch the bees work all day. Flowers are a nice thing to look at. I have nothing to do with the flowers, or the bees. I vaguely contemplate why the thought that I won't have any further sensory or social interaction to do with the flowers or bees is a significant thought. Flowers are nice to look at. Everybody knows. Old people like looking at flowers. Old people with no futures or jobs. Why do they like to look at them? What do I have to do with the flowers? *Flowers are still nice to look at.* For this segment of time during my day, they are nicer to look at than the weeds around the back step. They offer some visual variety to my day. Sitting here with these flowers instead of the other plants breaks up the time in which I must be idle or pretend to be occupied with something, or find something on my own that is an *activity*. Looking at these plants is my activity.

Or not quite an activity. What is the difference between looking at these flowers and taking a photo of them or drawing a picture or them or flicking through a book on species identification, though? Those are activities and hobbies that break up the day and make me somebody. But that is a weird thought, because I feel so shy, bored, anxious or indecisive when I think of activities. There is a glut of drawings and photos of plants and flowers. I am just a speck. It would be nice to make looking at these flowers into an activity for my Mum's sake, to feel I have accomplished something, and to build up a marketable identity for myself to do work activities. The activity is not so different to just looking at flowers, though. There they are. You can see them. I don't want to bring my sketch book (sorry Mum, sorry Matt). They're just some flowers. I am looking at them right now for something to do. It's not like my nature is like the bees, though. I just don't know what to do. So I will just watch. People watch things all the time. People watch TV. What is the difference

between watching these flowers and watching the TV? Watching TV is another activity. It's just watching a thing.

I have no reason for watching these flowers. I don't appreciate them more than the average person. Or, maybe I do, because I spent time watching them more than the average person. I just, had nothing else that I wanted to do at that time, and the scene with the flowers and the steps sort of resembled a beach, a porch or a video of something. Those are all normal things to idle around. I could sit in the sun and relax in my boredom.

I get the feeling I am utterly sober. Sober of anxiety, excitement or any big emotion. I wonder if boredom is where sanity starts. You are bored as a child, a lot of the time, and that is how your brain is when it develops interests in normal things. I don't know if it's good and healthy, really, if I think about how things ideally should be, but I know that being bored seems to be the way that healthy people seem to be. Or boring, at least. No, it is not healthy to be bored, actually. People prone to mucking up are bored. I might just have a brain that is prone to boredom and disrupting chances I have at a 'boring' existence of normal activities and jobs. I am trying to make things interesting, but I am becoming the Queen of Boredom. Walking slowly like a Grandma, staring at weed flowers. They help me feel sane and pass the time for a little while.

There are some road workers across from the church. Some of them are sweeping the bitumen, and I imagine that I was sweeping too. I check in with my body to see if I could feel OK doing that. If it was the seventies and I was a male, would I walk up and ask if I too, could pick up a broom? Could I sit and study the operation of the road works and look at a spot where they could do with an extra pair of hands? Maybe a version of this is what I am trying to do by walking around and watching things happening outside. Maybe I could understand people and the economic and social system. Maybe I could see something happening that would make me feel like I could slot myself in somewhere, somehow. Looking at all these mundane activities, there is an invisible barrier between myself and the world.

That is a depressing thought. I can only do what I can. I can do lots of things, in theory, when I look around. I am not included, though. I can only write sanely, if nothing else. I drew a picture on an old letter outside looking at the junk under the house. It was a shitty picture but it was an activity. It filled up the time. It helped keep me sane. I don't know what to do with the picture and I don't know what to do with my sanity, still. I actually, am not what I would say is the most sane. I understand the constructed meaning/meaninglessness of things and can look at them with calm that feels like sanity, but the nothingness also feels like insanity. I have to fit in with a structure of meaning or else I feel like nothing. I will walk around in circles feeling like I am on the borderline between peace and anguish.

I'm not nothing. I have a history. Everything and everyone I look at has a history. Why can't I pick up a hobby, pick up the phone? Why am I so bored? Why am I so reluctant to committing to doing something? Am I shrinking? There are a fair few answers for these. They make me frown and ruminate. No, I am not so sane. The world is not so sane either.

### **Wonderfuls Tape Launch: Star Slushy, Ex-Catholics, The Pits, Wonderfuls, Goon Sax at Bearded Lady**

What an incredible lineup.

Would Star Slushy again, without the documentary camera crews, without Tempest, without the house show, be enthralling? Yes. There is no shortage of enthusiasm radiating from Jonas' face, especially.

I got that they were singing "JOIN OUR CULT! JOIN OUR CULT!" "Here is Timmy, clap for Timmy!" Inviting the audience to pretend for a bit that we were in a lively cult centred around applause and back-patting of band members. I reckon that's a genius song idea. It's just the thing they're doing, right? Playing in a band, while everyone watches? Why not play all that up a lot to REALLY be into it, but self aware enough for it not to be a REAL cult, and pretend you really are joining a cult? Maybe I should've

smiled excessively and pretended it was a cult of personality, for real. Where do you ever see enthusiasm in underground rock bands to that degree, where's it's like they want to be a chorus of angels? Where do you see enthusiasm in rock bands? There is a) a male leading the song who isn't pretending to be cool, who is dripping with manic, poetic emotion, and b) two females who both get to be frontpersons too. That's pretty exceptional and magical. Xanthe, Summer and Timmy swap instruments too. The stars align, and realign.

Greg Charles and the Ex-Catholics were as strange and wonderful with five members including Sky on violin and Kelly sitting on the ground with a guitar and some sort of loopy electric equipment. The attention to what other band members were doing, particularly between Sky and Greg was intensified, and at other times the band was chaotic improv. Reminded me of Go-Betweens, the poppier, dramatic violin songs, but you can tell these are still noise musicians who gather in a tiny town hall in Kyogle to get stoned and bash out some musical chaos. Exciting stuff.

The Pits played after and said, "our stuff is like nursery rhymes compared to them". A three piece band from the 70s onwards does sound very simple in contrast, but simple is still good. The set reminded me of a cosy 80s pub afternoon where people sat around with loved ones drinking and dancing (probably in pairs) at the front all casually.

Wonderfuls were more intense, slow, atmospheric drama and noisiness with feedback laden guitar from Dan (Bobby's cousin from the Gold Coast) and Jack (Come Die In Queensland) on saxophone. First time seen Jack playing with the usual Wonderfuls duo and she fits right in with the aesthetic and mood of it.

Goon Sax were the same as Goon Sax are, really joyous and bubbly but sad n honest n classy. Staring at the crowd dancing, always some really delighted unfamiliar faces. There was a goth sort of lady dancing realy happily too.

### **The Pits, Phase 4**

This was a show where we missed SOOT and just got to see The Pits again. This was after a weird election result and I was processing my mixed feelings about teddy bear miracle believing smiley ScoMo ole-boy winning the election against hard-faced, stilted Shorten poor old stern uncle type. The Pits happened to be playing with a large red poster to their back-left, which made me feel like the place was the gathering of Labor-leaners it was. I had two beers, which made me remember what it felt like to have dopamine coursing through my brain to give me a sense of contentment and belonging to this space which was kind of dull (standing around, watching things) but familiar old rock n roll. Labor supporters are sort of an adopted distant family to me. For some reason alcohol and centre-left politics goes together in my mind. So does old rockers from the 70s who are almost-punk-but-sort-of-more-like-the-local-pub-band. Again, I pictured families in a pub in the 80s.

A lot went through my mind on that day, seeing the Pits, who sounded a lot better here than at the Bearded Lady, for some reason. Had a bit more edge to them. Maybe the ScoMo victory ignited their youthful defiance?

Anyway, it was a weird, semi-artificial collective warmth that I felt. Some leftist fantasy (the dregs of it) coupled with a newfound oldie style ‘realism’ that I would have to connect with a real life n lifestyle of a power bloc of Labor people, if that makes sense. No utopian dreams or rage there. It’s kind of OK but kind of.. ehh. It’s like going to church. Which is fine n good. But it’s beholden to the oldies.

It’s a different kind of church to the ScoMo believing, shiny, sober ppl who think they have all of life’s answers (or don’t, but take comfort in pretending they, or somebody else does). I’m stereotyping here. I don’t want to go into exact detail about both the Assemblies of God/Australian Christian Churches pentecostal Christian Liberal preferencers vs. the Labor voting, drinking, normal, people who also think they have answers for things (or that scientific professionals do). I don’t want to think life is about them vs. them and me having to become one of them.

This doesn’t have a lot to do with the Pits. Just, they said some comments about the miserable election. And maybe they vote Greens. I think most people in the room voted Greens.

Maybe the event would have felt more Greens if it were in a leafy courtyard with people passing joints around. I dunno. Politics. The event just felt very Labor somehow.

I didn’t finish this.

Nothing is ever finished.